

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, the Drama, Morals, Manners, and Amusements.

This Paper is published at Six o'Clock every Saturday Morning; and forwarded, Weekly or Monthly, to all Parts of the United Kingdom.

No. 6.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1819.

Price 6d.

Review of New Books.

Tales of My Landlord, Third Series, collected and arranged by Jedediah Cleishbotham, Schoolmaster and Parish Clerk of Gandercleugh. 4 vols. 12mo. Edinburgh, 1819.

FEW works have obtained so much celebrity as the *Tales of My Landlord*, or few authors reaped so much fame, or so golden a harvest as the unknown Jedediah Cleishbotham: we say unknown, as notwithstanding these tales are universally ascribed to a distinguished Scottish bard, yet he still eludes all certain discovery. The Scottish historical novels have, indeed, formed a new era in the history of this species of writing; they combine such a happy union of historical fact with the beauties of fiction and romance, and such a true picture of the manners and customs of the period to which they relate, and so admirable a description of the characters of individuals, that they could not fail of being popular: and what our author observes hypothetically has been realized; they have been 'praised by the judicious, and admired by the feeling, engrossing the young, and attracting even the old; while the critic traced their name up to some name of literary celebrity, and the question when, and by whom, these tales were written, filled up the pause of conversation in a hundred circles and coteries.'

The present series consists of two tales, 'The Bride of Lammermoor,' and 'A Legend of Montrose:' the first, which only we shall at present notice, relates to an event in the private family history of Scotland, that occurred in the reign of Queen Anne; and, although the names are disguised, and several incidents added, yet the leading particulars are those of an 'over-true tale.' In the style of composition, these differ from their predecessors; they are more descriptive and less dramatic, containing more of narrative and less of dialogue; and although we shall reserve our opinions of them until the conclusion, yet we cannot but think they are neither so well written, nor the subjects so interesting, as the tales of 'Old Mortality' and 'The Heart of Mid-Lothian.'

In an introductory chapter, our author states that the ideal Mr. Pattieson received the subject of the tale from a painting, and some loose scraps of writing of his friend, Dick Tinto, a painter, who furnished a lamentable proof of the great truth, that in the fine arts mediocrity is not permitted, and that he who cannot ascend to the very top of the ladder, will do well not to put his foot upon it at all; he then proceeds to the story to which we shall conduct our readers.

The hero of the tale is the heir of the noble house of Ravenswood, whose ancestors were powerful and warlike barons, and whose extensive castle, bearing their name, was

VOL. I.

situate in the fertile plains of East Lothian; their line extended to a remote antiquity, and they had not only married with the best families of Scotland, but their history was connected with the country itself, in whose annals their feats are recorded. About the middle of the seventeenth century, this house rapidly declined in its splendour, and, towards the period of the revolution, the last proprietor of Ravenswood Castle was compelled to part with the ancient family seats, and to remove to a lonely sea-beaten tower on the bleak shores of the German Ocean, where a wild domain formed their only remaining property. In the civil war of 1689, Lord Ravenswood espoused the sinking side, and was attainted, and his title abolished. This nobleman inherited all the pride and turbulence, though not the fortune, of his family, the declension of which he imputed to a Sir William Ashton, a cunning lawyer, who, by fishing in the 'troubled waters of a state divided by factions,' had obtained the office of lord keeper, and become the proprietor of the estate and castle of Ravenswood, by means not the most honourable. With this gentleman, Allan, Lord Ravenswood, waged an ineffectual war on various points respecting the property, which were successively determined in favour of his competitor, until, at length, on receiving the news of the loss of a cause, the last which he had maintained, his health, which had long been on the decline, gave way during a fit of violent and impotent fury. His son, Edgar Ravenswood, the hero of the tale, witnessed the dying agonies, and heard the curses which he breathed against his adversary, as if they had conveyed to him a legacy of vengeance, which was still further exasperated at the funeral, where the reading of the service by a priest of the English communion, (then illegal,) was interrupted by an officer of the lord keeper. Young Edgar, popularly called the master of Ravenswood, then twenty years of age, fired at the insult, and clapped his hand on his sword, which was followed by a hundred of his friends, to protect the body of their kinsman; the body was lowered into the chancel vault, and the company retired, whilst young Ravenswood vowed vengeance on the man who had thus dared to disturb the obsequies. Sir William Ashton drew up an account of these proceedings for the privy council, and would, perhaps, have made them fatal to the principal actor in them, had he not cast his eye on the crest of the family of Ravenswood, carved in the ceiling, a black bull's head, with the legend, 'I bide my time,' which mingled itself singularly and impressively with the subject of his present reflections.

A circumstance, however, soon occurred which seemed to change the dispositions and the destinies of all parties. Sir William had a daughter, Lucy Ashton, exquisitely beautiful and of a soft and timid, yet romantic, disposition, fond of the old legendary tales of ardent devotion

G

and unalterable affection, chequered, as they often are, with strange adventures and supernatural horrors. One day, when Sir William and his daughter were walking in the extensive park of Ravenswood Castle, they visited a blind old woman, Alice, the last retainer of the family of Ravenswood, and who had been provided for in the transfer of the estate to its new proprietor. This woman advised Sir William not to push matters too hard with a fierce house; for that, although Edgar was free, generous, and noble, yet, added she, 'he is still a Ravenswood, and may bide his time. Remember the fate of Sir George Lockhart.' This gentleman, who was President of the Court of Session, was pistolled in 1689, by a relation of the Ravenswood family.

Sir William Ashton was too sensible of the injuries he had done young Ravenswood to feel much at his ease; when, returning homeward, a bull of the ancient Scottish breed rushed impetuously towards them; his daughter sunk by his side; he interposed himself between her and the enraged animal, which was now within a few yards of them, when a shot from the neighbouring thicket arrested his progress and laid him dead at their feet: the person who had thus opportunely saved them approached, and raising Lucy from the ground, conveyed her to a place of safety, near a fountain to which a legendary tale had attached peculiar veneration; and it was always considered, that to drink of the waters of this well or to approach its brink, was fatal to the Ravenswood family. Sir William came up, and requested to know to whom he was indebted for so signal a deliverance: 'Request nothing of ME, my lord,' said the stranger, in a stern and peremptory tone, 'I am the master of Ravenswood;' and, making a haughty inclination towards Lucy, turned away and left them, without waiting for the thanks of the astonished Sir William Ashton, who despatched two foresters to induce him to return, but he refused with the most haughty disdain.

Young Ravenswood and Miss Ashton were mutually smitten with each other, and Sir William immediately despatched letters to the Privy Council, to exculpate the former for his conduct at the funeral of his father. The master of Ravenswood now formed an acquaintance with two persons which might have been fatal to him, and one of whom afterwards had a considerable share in contributing to his misfortunes; these were a Captain Craigenfelt, a dissolute fellow who, without any fortune himself, continued to live on that of others; and a Mr. Hayston, Laird of Bucklaw, who was living in expectation of the death of a rich relative: the former disgusted him in the outset, and he had expressed himself very warmly towards them both, and left them, when Bucklaw followed him to demand satisfaction; they drew, Bucklaw was thrown, and owed his life to the generosity of his antagonist, whom he accompanied to the forlorn castle of Wolf's Crag, his only remaining habitation, and where two old domestics formed his whole retinue; one of these, Caleb Balderstone, is a very interesting personage in this tale, from his faithful attachment to his master, and his anxiety for the honour of the family, to support which both his truth and ingenuity were often severely tortured. Caleb, well knowing the little accommodation that Wolf's Crag could furnish, detained them at the door while Mysie, his fellow servant, was making preparations within:—

"O, never mind the outside of the house, my good friend," said Bucklaw; "let's see the inside, and let our horses see the stable, that's all."

"O yes, sir—ay, sir—unquestionably, sir,—my lord and any of his honourable companions"——

"But our horses, my old friend—our horses; they will be dead-foundered by standing here in the cold after riding hard, and mine is too good to be spoiled; therefore, once more, our horses," exclaimed Bucklaw.

"True—ay—your horses—yes—I will call the grooms;" and sturdily did Caleb roar till the old tower rung again,— "John—William—Saunders!—The lads are gane out, or sleeping," he observed, after pausing for an answer, which he knew that he had no human chance of receiving. "A' gaes wrang when the master's out bye; but I'll take care o' your cattle mysell."

"I think you had better," said Ravenswood, "otherwise I see little chance of their being attended to at all."

"Whisht, my lord,—whisht, for God's sake," said Caleb, in an imploring tone, and apart to his master; "if ye dinna regard your ain credit, think on mine; we'll hae hard enough wark to make a decent night o't, wi' a' the lies I can tell."

"Well, well, never mind," said his master; "go to the stable. There is hay and corn, I trust?"

"Ou ay, plenty of hay and corn;" this was uttered boldly and aloud; and, in a lower tone, "there was some half fous o' aits, and some tait's o' meadow-hay, left after the burial."

"Very well," said Ravenswood, taking the lamp from his domestic's unwilling hand, "I will shew the stranger up stairs mysell."

"I canna think o' that, my lord;—if ye wad but have five minutes, or ten minutes, or, at maist, a quarter of an hour's patience, and look at the fine moonlight prospect of the Bass and North-Berwick Law, till I sort the horses, I would marshal ye up, as reason is ye suld be marshalled, your lordship and your honourable visitor. And I hae lockit up the siller candlesticks, and the lamp is not fit"——

"It will do very well in the meantime," said Ravenswood, "and you will have no difficulty for want of light in the stable, for, if I recollect, half the roof is off."

"Very true, my lord," replied the trusty adherent, and with ready wit instantly added, "and the lazy sclater loons have never come to put it on a' this while, your lordship."

The 'hinder end of a mutton ham' and the 'heel of the ewe-milk kebbuck wi' a bit of nice butter' was, however, all that Caleb could provide for supper, which he displayed with great formality; the next day's dinner was not much better, 'four salted herrings,' which honest Caleb said he thought they might prefer, as it was St. Margaret's eve; but, however poor the meal, Caleb always rung the dinner bell 'with the more sonorous grace, in proportion to the meagerness of the cheer which was provided.'

In the bosom of the master of Ravenswood, there now existed two contradictory passions,—a desire to revenge the death of his father, strangely qualified by admiration of his enemy's daughter, 'and, in the struggle, he was determining to leave Scotland, when a circumstance decided his conduct very differently. Lord Bittlebrain's hounds were heard in the neighbourhood, when Bucklaw induced his host to join him in the sport, which the latter would rather have declined, as his steed was not likely to do him much credit; A stranger in the chase observing, this, offered him his own horse, but Bucklaw, seeing the steed rather unmanageable, took it himself, and gave his own to Ravenswood. The chase proceeded rapidly, the stag was at bay, when Bucklaw sprang from his horse and brought him to the ground by a dexterous cut on the hind leg; when a fair female, on a white palfrey, was invited to do the honours of the chase, which, however, she refused: this was no other than Lucy Ashton, whose father had sent the horse to Ravenswood, and

who, coming up, entered into conversation with Ravenswood, who was not familiar, when the young lady riding up, was introduced to him. A thunder storm commenced, and he found himself compelled to offer the shelter of Wolf's Crag, to the no small mortification of Caleb, who had advised his master to dine out, and now found him approaching with visitors; although he very dexterously contrived to exclude all followers, except one servant; and having once closed the gates of the castle, declared, 'if the king on the throne were at the gate, that his ten fingers should never open it, contrary to the established use and wont of the family of Ravenswood and his duty as their head servant:' even Bucklaw himself was excluded, and obliged to take shelter at the change-house of the village of Wolfshope, where he unexpectedly met with Craigenfelt. The difficulty of the strangers avowing themselves being over, the master of Ravenswood possessed too much honour and a growing attachment to Miss Ashton, to let family feuds interfere with his hospitality. Sir William led his daughter towards Ravenswood, and bid her lay aside her mask, and 'let us,' says he, 'express our gratitude to the master openly and bare-faced.' Our author's description of this scene is too interesting to be omitted:—

"If he will condescend to accept it," was all that Lucy uttered, but in a tone so sweetly modulated, and which seemed to imply at once, a feeling and a forgiving of the cold reception to which they were exposed, that, coming from a creature so innocent and so beautiful, her words cut Ravenswood to the very heart for his harshness. He muttered something of surprise, something of confusion, and, ending with a warm and eager expression of his happiness, at being able to afford her shelter under his roof, he saluted her, as the ceremonial of the time enjoined upon such occasions. Their cheeks had touched and were withdrawn from each other—Ravenswood had not quitted the hand which he had taken in kindly courtesy—a blush which attached more consequence by far than was usual to such ceremony, still mantled on Lucy Ashton's beautiful cheek, when the apartment was suddenly illuminated by a flash of lightning, which seemed absolutely to swallow the darkness of the hall. Every object might have been, for an instant, seen distinctly. The slight and half-sinking form of Lucy Ashton, the well-proportioned and stately figure of Ravenswood, his dark features, and the fiery, yet irresolute expression of his eyes,—the old arms and scutcheons, which hung on the walls of the apartment, were for an instant distinctly visible to the keeper, by a strong red brilliant glare of light. Its disappearance was almost instantly followed by a burst of thunder, for the storm cloud was very near the castle; and the peal was so sudden and dreadful, that the old tower rocked to its foundation, and every inmate concluded it was falling upon them. The soot, which had not been disturbed for centuries, showered down the huge tunnelled chimnies—lime and dust flew in clouds from the wall; and whether the lightning had actually struck the castle, or whether, through the violent concussion of the air, several heavy stones were hurled from the mouldering battlements, into the roaring sea beneath. It might seem, as if the ancient founder of the castle, were bestriding the thunder-storm, and proclaiming his displeasure at the reconciliation of his descendant with the enemy of his house."

Nothing could have been more fortunate for Caleb than this thunder storm, which he declared had spoiled the best dinner that ever was dressed, beef, bacon, kid, lambs, venison, &c. although his master knew as well as himself that nothing in the world had been provided; he, however, contrived to go to the village and obtain, not very fairly, we confess, possession of some wild fowl, which the

cooper had roasting for the christening; and, having told the quality of his guests, and thrown out a hint of the service he might render him, in obtaining the situation of queen's cooper to the wife of 'the man of tubs,' he was soon followed by a man bearing two casks of liquor, which he handed to the prince of majors domo, Caleb Balderstone, and whispering in his ear that 'If any thing about Peter Punccheon's place could be airted their way, John Girder would make it better to the master of Ravenswood than a pair of new gloves; and that he wad be blythe to speak wi' Master Balderstone on that head, and he wad find him as pliant as a hoop-willow in a' that he could wish of him.'

The Lord Keeper, with statesman-like skill and all the ease and fluency of a silver-tongued lawyer of the highest order, was not long in persuading his generous and unsuspecting host, that he was anxious that all points in dispute between them should be settled on the most liberal principle. There was some degree of truth in this, as the Lord Keeper had not only feared the vengeance of Ravenswood, but also found that his relationship to the Marquis of A——, who was eagerly endeavouring a change in the Scottish cabinet, might be turned to good account, and save himself from dismissal from his office; and he even went so far as to think there might be worse matches for his daughter: on these grounds it was, that he attempted a reconciliation. The next day, the Lord Keeper continued to press the subject of an adjudication of all points of difference betwixt them:—

"No, my lord," answered Ravenswood; "it is in the estates of the nation, in the supreme Court of Parliament, that we must parley together. The belted lords and knights of Scotland, her ancient peers and baronage, must decide, if it is their will that a house, not the least noble of their members, shall be stripped of their possessions, the reward of the patriotism of generations, as the pawn of a wretched mechanic becomes forfeit to the usurer, the instant the hour of redemption has passed away. If they yield to the grasping severity of the creditor, and to the knawing usury that eats into our lands as moths into raiment, it will be of more evil consequence to them and their posterity, than to Norman Ravenswood—I shall still have my sword and my cloak, and can follow the profession of arms wherever a trumpet shall sound."

When he had pronounced these words, in a firm yet melancholy tone, his eyes encountered those of Lucy Ashton, and both blushed, deeply conscious of some strong internal emotion, which Sir William observing, did not fail to turn to his advantage; and having exhibited some papers, to prove how far he had befriended Ravenswood in the affair of the funeral, the generous youth renounced his feudal enmity, and threw himself, without hesitation, on his forgiveness. In short, he consented to return the visit and accompany the Lord Keeper to his mansion, in spite of the intreaties of Caleb, who, with a quivering voice and a cheek pale with apprehension, faltered out the following prophetic lines, which Thomas, the rhymier, had spoken of the family:—

'When the last Lord of Ravenswood to Ravenswood shall ride,
And wooe a dead maiden to be his bride,
He shall stable his steed in the Kelpie's flow,
And his name shall be lost for evermooe!'

Caleb, finding he could not succeed, and that his master was leaving Wolf's Crag, run after him, with the mo-

ney which the Lord Keeper and Lucy had given him, and begged him to accept it, to enable him to do a like civility at Ravenswood Castle; but this his master refused accepting. The party arrived at the Lord Keeper's; every thing was done to entertain their new-made friend in the most splendid manner, nor were opportunities wanting for Ravenswood and Lucy Ashton to cultivate their growing attachment. A day was appointed to visit the ancient and devoted servant of his house, old Alice, and Lucy was to be his guide; her brother Henry, a boy about fifteen years of age, also accompanied them. The poor old woman, who was blind, had no sooner ascertained who were her visitors, and that they were really attached to each other, than she entreated young Ravenswood to avoid the match, declaring that she would rather see him 'shrouded and confined.' In vain did he assure her, and attempt to assure himself, that there was no danger of such an occurrence, and leaving Alice, and hesitating what to do, he almost unconsciously joined Lucy and her brother, who had left him at the Mermaiden's Fountain; nor did the warning of Alice, or the recollection of others, that this place was a fatal spot to the family, prevent him from giving his faith to Lucy Ashton for ever, and receiving her troth in return, while their lips and their hands pledged the sincerity of their affection. An emblematic ceremony of their troth-plight was observed; they broke betwixt them a thin broad-piece of gold, which they each pledged themselves to retain until the other should ask for it.

While young Ravenswood remained at this ancient mansion of his fathers, Sir William was informed of the intended visit of the Marquis of A——, and was making every preparation to receive him, particularly gratified that young Ravenswood was at his house, and that his own lady, who was a Douglas, and had all the pride and hauteur of the family, as well as a complete ascendancy over her husband, was absent. While they were thus going on at Ravenswood Castle, Craigengelt and young Bucklaw, who had now come into possession of the property of his aunt, were planning how the latter might obtain the hand of Miss Ashton, and recollecting that her mother was now on a visit at Lady Blenkinsop's, aunt of Bucklaw, in Northumberland, on her return from London, Craigengelt was despatched to acquaint her how affairs were standing at home. The lady, fired at the idea of her daughter being married to a 'bankrupt jacobite lord,' set off for Ravenswood Castle without loss of time, and happened to reach it on the same day, and nearly in the same moment, that the Marquis of A——'s carriage was driving up. This was a death blow to Sir William, who, on seeing the carriage of his lady drive up, had no chance left but the possibility of an overturn, and that his lady or visitor might break their necks. The Marquis having been introduced to Lady Ashton, in return presented his relative, the master of Ravenswood, at the same time assuring her, that his was a peace-making visit. But the Lord Keeper was not to escape thus, but was led, somewhat like a condemned criminal, into his lady's dressing-room, when, having locked the door, to prevent the possibility of a retreat, she thus addressed her astounded husband:—

"My lord, I am not greatly surprised at the connections you have been pleased to form during my absence—they are entirely in conformity with your birth and breeding; and if I did expect any thing else, I heartily own my error, and that I

merit, by having done so, the disappointment you had prepared for me."

"My dear Lady Ashton—my dear Eleanor," said the Lord Keeper, "listen to reason for a moment, and I will convince you I have acted with all the regard due to the dignity, as well as the interest of my family."

"To the interest of *your* family I conceive you perfectly capable of attending," returned the indignant lady, "and even to the dignity of your family also—But as mine happens to be inextricably involved with it, you will excuse me if I chuse to give my own attention so far as that is concerned."

"What would you have, lady Ashton?" said the husband—"What is it that displeases you? Why is it, that on your return after so long an absence, I am arraigned in this manner?"

"Ask your own conscience, Sir William, what has prompted you to become a renegade to your political party and opinions, and led you, for what I know, to be on the point of marrying your only daughter to a beggarly jacobite bankrupt, the inveterate enemy of your family, to the boot."

"Why, what, in the name of common sense and common civility, would you have me do, madam?" answered the husband—"Is it possible for me, with ordinary decency, to turn a young gentleman out of my house, who saved my daughter's life and my own, but the other morning as it were?"

"Saved your life! I have heard of that story," said the lady—"the Lord Keeper was scared by a dun cow, and he takes the young fellow who killed her for Guy of Warwick—any butcher from Haddington may soon have an equal claim on your hospitality."

"Lady Ashton," stammered the Keeper, "this is intolerable—and when I am desirous, too, to make you easy by any sacrifice—if you would but tell me what you would be at."

"Go down to your guests," said the imperious dame, "and make your apology to Ravenswood, that the arrival of Captain Craigengelt and some other friends renders it impossible for you to offer him lodgings at the castle—I expect young Mr. Hayston, of Bucklaw."

Sir William had the courage to refuse, and Lady Ashton wrote a note, which she sent by a female servant to young Ravenswood. The Marquis of A——, fired at the insult thus offered to his kinsman, remonstrated strongly with Sir William and Lady Ashton, while Ravenswood left the ancient seat of his ancestors with emotions of indignation and regret which cannot be described. As he approached the fatal fountain, which was in his way, he saw a figure which he at first thought to be Lucy Ashton, but, on approaching it more nearly, he fancied he recognized the features of old blind Alice, but, as he advanced, the figure receded until it was lost in the thicket; he then hastened to the cottage, and found that Alice was no more, her spirit having departed about the very moment that he had seen her spectre, and that, in her last moments, 'she prayed powerfully that she might see her master's son once more, and renew her warning.' Young Ravenswood could not suffer the body of this faithful adherent of his family to want a decent burial, and he himself visited the sexton to settle for it. The old man, resting on his spade by the side of a half-made grave, opened the discourse in his own way:—

"Ye will be a wedding customer, sir, I'se warrant."

"What makes you think so, friend?" replied the Master.

"I live by twa trades, sir," replied the blythe old man; "fiddle, sir, and spade; filling the world, and emptying of it; and I suld ken baith cast of customers by head-mark in thirty years practice."

"You are mistaken, however, this morning," replied Ravenswood.

"Am I?" said the old man, looking keenly at him, "troth, and it may be; since, for as brent as your brow is, there is something sitting upon it this day, that is as near akin to death as to wedlock. Weel, weel, the pick and shovel are as ready to your order as bow and fiddle."

"I wish you," said Ravenswood, "to look after the decent interment of an old woman, Alice Gray, who lived at the Craigfoot, in Ravenswood Park."

"Alice Gray! blind Alice!" said the sexton; "and is she gane at last? that's another jow of the bell to bid me be ready. I mind when Habbie Gray brought her down to this land; a likely lass she was then, and looked ower her south-land nose at us a'. I trow her pride got a downcome. And is she e'en gane?"

This business settled; young Ravenswood hastened to the Tod's hole, where he was to meet the Marquis of A—, who had remained at Ravenswood castle, in the hopes of serving his friend, but in vain. The Marquis endeavoured to persuade him to think no more of Miss Ashton, assuring him that he might do better, and at the same time offering him an important mission abroad, which he accepted, and agreed to return with the Marquis to Edinburgh. On their way, they stopped at Wolf's Crag, to the terror of Caleb Balderstone, who, having been apprised of the intended visit, and knowing his utter inability to accommodate them, set fire to some peat in the house, and when his master, who was not in the secret, and the Marquis approached, they witnessed the mansion in flames, while Caleb was loudly regretting the loss of 'a' the fine graith, pictures, tapestries, needle-work, hangings, and other decorations, and to prevent the possibility of his feint being discovered by the zealous interference of the neighbours, he declared that there were thirty barrels of gunpowder which might be expected to explode every minute; this, it may readily be imagined, kept all parties at a respectful distance. Caleb did not find much difficulty in obtaining the forgiveness of his master, whom he assured, that it was an excellent scheme, and would save him from telling many a falsehood, adding 'I wad rather set fire to the tower in gude earnest, and burn it ower my ain head into the bargain, or I see the family dishonoured.'

The Marquis and Ravenswood were well accommodated in the village, at the house of the Queen's Cooper, and the next day they set out for Edinburgh, where the master of Ravenswood took up his abode with his noble friend. In the mean time, the political crisis had taken place, and the Marquis obtained the ascendancy he wished.—Ravenswood obtained back some of his property, and Sir William Ashton was menaced with a parliamentary reversal of the judicial sentences under which he held the Castle and Barony of Ravenswood, and displaced from his situation of lord keeper. The master of Ravenswood wrote to Sir William, stating the engagement which existed between him and his daughter; he also wrote to Lady Ashton, deprecating any cause of displeasure which he might have given her, and by the same messenger he addressed a third letter to Lucy, containing the assurances of his inviolable attachment, and expressing hopes that their union might not be prevented. Lady Ashton sent an immediate answer, by the messenger, declaring that she would not listen to any proposal from him, or any of his house. Sir William sent an answer by another conveyance, in which he endeavoured to parry the subject of restitution; while Lucy, by an unknown hand, sent a short note, in which she declared she would be true to her word, but begged him not to write again till better times. The master of Ravenswood now departed on his mission to the continent,

where he remained twelve months, during which time the family affairs of Sir William Ashton had taken a somewhat different turn: Bucklaw was introduced to Miss Ashton by her mother, whom she promised to obey, but upon one condition only, that of having the engagement she had made to Ravenswood restored to her, and letters were dispatched to him to the continent to that effect. St. Jude's day was at length fixed by her mother as the time on which they must be ready to *sign and seal*.

"To sign and seal," echoed Lucy, in a muttering tone, as the door of the apartment closed,—*"To sign and seal—to do and die!"* and clasping her extenuated hands together, she sunk back on the easy chair she occupied, in a state resembling stupor."

From this she was shortly after awakened by her boisterous brother, who clamorously reminded her of her promise to give him some ribbon, which she did immediately.

"Dinna shut the cabinet yet," said Henry, "for I must have some of your silver wire to fasten the bells to my hawk's jesses, and yet the new falcon's not worth them neither; for do you know, after all the plague we had to get her from an eyery, all the way at Posso, in Mannor Water, she's going to prove, after all, nothing better than a risler—she just wets her singles in the blood of the partridge, and then breaks away, and lets her fly; and what good can the poor bird do after that, you know, except pine and die in the first heather-cow or whin-bush she can crawl into?"

"Right, Henry—right, very right," said Lucy, mournfully, holding the boy fast by the hand, after giving him the wire he wanted; "but there are more riflers in the world than your falcon, and more wounded birds that seek but to die in quiet, than can find neither brake nor whin-bush to hide their heads in."

No answer arrived from Ravenswood; indeed, Lady Ashton contrived that none should reach Lucy, and a report got abroad that he was on the point of marrying a foreign lady of fortune and distinction. An old hag, who traded in the occult sciences, and Mr. Bide-the-bent, the minister, were successively placed in constant attendance on Lucy, to endeavour to overcome her opposition to the match, when the fatal day arrived. The writings were prepared, and Sir William signed the contract with legal solemnity and precision; his son with military *non-chalance*. Bucklaw next subscribed, and it was now Miss Ashton's turn to sign the writings, which she first unconsciously attempted with a dry pen. Lady Ashton's vigilance supplied the deficiency, and her daughter wrote her name on each page, with a tremulous irregularity.

But the last signature is incomplete, defaced, and blotted; for while her hand was employed in tracing it, the hasty tramp of a horse was heard at the gate, succeeded by a step in the outer gallery, and a voice, which in a commanding tone, bore down the opposition of the menials. The pen dropped from Lucy's fingers, as she exclaimed, with a faint shriek, "He is come—he is come!"

Hardly had Miss Ashton dropped the pen, when the door of the apartment flew open, and the Master of Ravenswood entered the apartment.

The consternation in which all parties were placed, may be more easily conceived than described, and all were silent for some minutes. At length, Lady Ashton demanded the cause of his intrusion, while Bucklaw and Col. Ashton declared, that it was their right to call him to account for so unparalleled an affront on the family:—

The passions of the two young men thus counteracting each other, gave Ravenswood leisure to exclaim, in a stern and steady voice, "Silence!—let him who really seeks

danger, take the fitting time when it is to be found; my mission here will be shortly accomplished.—Is that, madam, your hand!" he added in a softer tone, extending towards Miss Ashton her last letter.

"A faltering "yes," seemed rather to escape from her lips, than to be uttered as a voluntary answer.

"And is this also your hand?" extending towards her the mutual engagement.

"Lucy remained silent. Terror, and a yet stronger and more confused feeling, so utterly disturbed her understanding, that she probably scarcely comprehended the question that was put to her.

"If you design," said Sir William Ashton, "to found any legal claim on that paper, sir, do not expect to receive any answer to an extra judicial question."

"Sir William Ashton," said Ravenswood, "I pray you, and all who hear me, that you will not mistake my purpose. If this young lady, of her own free-will, desires the restoration of this contract, as her letter would seem to imply—there is not a withered leaf which this autumn wind strews on the heath, that is more valueless in my eyes. But I must and will hear the truth from her own mouth—without this satisfaction I will not leave this spot. Murder me by numbers you possibly may; but I am an armed man—I am a desperate man, and I will not die without ample vengeance. This is my resolution, take it as you may. I will hear her determination from her own mouth; from her own mouth, alone, and without witnesses, will I hear it. Now chuse," he said, drawing his sword with the right hand, and, with the left, by the same motion taking a pistol from his belt and cocking it, but turning the point of one weapon, and the muzzle of the other, to the ground.—"Chuse, if you will have this hall floated with blood, or if you will grant me the decisive interview with my affianced bride, which the laws of God and the country alike entitle me to demand."

The interview was agreed to, on condition of Lady Ashton and Mr. Bide-the-bent being present:—

"Ravenswood sheathed his sword, uncocked and returned his pistol to his belt, walked deliberately to the door of the apartment, which he bolted—returned, raised his hat from his forehead, and, gazing upon Lucy with eyes in which an expression of sorrow overcame their late fierceness, spread his dishevelled locks back from his face, and said, "Do you know me, Miss Ashton?—I am still Edgar Ravenswood." She was silent; and he went on, with increasing vehemence—"I am still that Edgar Ravenswood, who, for your affection, renounced the dear ties by which injured honour bound him to seek vengeance. I am that Ravenswood, who, for your sake, forgave, nay, clasped hands in friendship with the oppressor and pillager of his house—the traducer and murderer of his father."

"My daughter," answered Lady Ashton, interrupting him, has no occasion to dispute the identity of your person; the venom of your present language is sufficient to remind her, that she speaks with the mortal enemy of her father."

"I pray you to be patient, madam," answered Ravenswood, "my answer must come from her own lips.—Once more, Miss Lucy Ashton, I am that Ravenswood to whom you granted the solemn engagement, which you now desire to retract and cancel."

"Lucy's bloodless lips could only falter out the words, "It was my mother."

Ravenswood having been assured by the clergyman, that Miss Ashton had signed the contract without fraud or compulsion, returned to her the signed paper and the broken piece of gold. She attempted to take the corresponding half from her bosom, for there she still retained it, but failed, which Lady Ashton perceiving, cut the ribbon asunder, and returned it to Ravenswood, who now threw it and the paper into the fire, and having reminded

Lady Ashton of her conduct in this business, rushed out of the apartment.

The bridal day arrived, and Bucklaw received the reluctant hand of Miss Ashton: the day was spent in dancing and festivity, in which the wretched bride did not participate, but left the room, and was followed by Bucklaw. The instruments now played their loudest strains, and the dancers pursued their exercise with all the enthusiasm that youth and mirth could inspire, when a cry was heard, so shrill and piercing, as at once to arrest the dance and the music. Col. Ashton rushed to the bridal chamber, and, on entering, found Bucklaw laying bleeding on the threshold; he was conveyed, still breathing, into another apartment. The bride was found couched like a hare in the corner of an old fashioned chimney of the room 'her head-gear dishevelled; her night clothes torn and dabbled with blood, her eyes glazed, and her features convulsed into a wild paroxysm of insanity.' When she saw herself discovered, she gibbered, made mouths, and pointed at them with the frantic gestures of an exulting demoniac; and, as they carried her over the threshold, she looked down, and, with a sort of grinning exultation, articulated, 'so you have taken up your bonnie bridegroom?' On the morning, she fell into a state of insensibility, and the next evening convulsion followed convulsion, till they closed in death, without her being able to utter one word explanatory of the fatal scene.

Bucklaw recovered, but would never give the least information on the subject, declaring that he had no story to tell, nor injuries to avenge. He dismissed Craigenfelt from his society, with some provision, and went abroad, never returning to Scotland.

The tale now draws rapidly to its close; Ravenswood, disguised as a mourner, attended the funeral of the unfortunate bride of Lammermoor, and was recognized by Col. Ashton, who, calling him aside, gave him the length of his sword, and appointed a meeting on the sea-shore, to the east of Wolfshope, at sun-rise on the morrow. But it was not the destiny of Ravenswood to perish by the sword, and, in riding to meet Colonel Ashton, the prophecy was accomplished, and he sunk into the Kelpie flow, never to rise again, having perished in the quicksand, and the only trace left of him being a sable feather which had been detached from his hat.

Poor Caleb, whose intreaties could not restrain his master, witnessed his fate from the eastern battlement, and he pined away within a year after the catastrophe. The family of Ashton did not long survive that of Ravenswood—the colonel was slain in a duel in Flanders, and Henry died unmarried. 'Lady Ashton lived to the verge of extreme old age, the only survivor of the group of unhappy persons, whose misfortunes were owing to her implacability.'

Our remarks, and an account of the other tale, in this series, 'A Legend of Montrose,' must be deferred to our next.

Memoirs of the Embassy of the Marshal de Bassompierre to the Court of England, in 1626. Translated. With notes. 8vo. pp. 154. London, 1819.

(Concluded from our last.)

In the preceding number of the *Literary Chronicle*, we gave a short sketch of the life of Bassompierre, and stated the object of his embassy to the English court; we, at the

same time, expressed a favourable opinion of the work, and in particular of the notes of the editor, many of which are so interesting and curious, and display such extensive reading and research, that we hasten to introduce them to our readers; these we shall insert as anecdotes, without observing any order or connexion:—

The Order of the Garter.—‘It may here be worth remarking, that the *star* is but a comparatively modern addition to the decorations of knighthood. It was on St. George’s day, in the year 1626, that, “in imitation of the order of the St. Esprit, in France,” the Knights of the Garter were permitted to add a star to their decorations, (Stow, 1042.) This species of ornament had its origin in the *cross*, properly so called, which the knights of the religious orders, (as well as the clergy,) wore on their outward garments. When Henry IV. was expiring, his attendants applied the cross of his order to his lips instead of a crucifix, “putting him in mind of God.” It is curious to observe, that what was at first a mark of christian humility, has degenerated into one of the most ostentatious emblems of mundane vanity.’

Baronets.—‘He,’ [Sir Robert Cecil,] ‘was the inventor of the scheme of raising money by the creation of baronets, a cheapening of honours much improved upon in the beginning of Charles’s reign; when, by proclamation, every gentleman of 40l. a-year was called on to be knighted. This arbitrary “buckling of honour on folk’s backs,” reminds me of the pleasantry of Admiral Payne, who, in our times, when some one told him he was to be knighted, exclaimed, with affected indignation, “no, no, by G—, not without a court martial.”’

The first Earl of Carlisle.—‘One of his luxurious modes of spending the king’s bounty, which, it must be owned, he seemed to do according to the intention of the *founder*, is worth recording. It was not enough for his ambition that his suppers should please the taste alone, the eye also must be gratified; and this was his device. The company was ushered in to a table covered with the most elegant art and the greatest profusion, all that the silversmith, the shewer, the confectioner, or the cook, could produce. While the company was examining and admiring this delicate display, the viands of course grew cold, and unfit for choice palates. The whole, therefore, called the ante-supper, was suddenly removed, and another supper, quite hot, and containing the exact duplicate of the former, was served in its place.

‘Osborne says, that at a feast made by this Scottish Helio gabalus, one of the king’s attendants eat, to his own share, a pie, which cost ten pounds of the money of that day. A bon vivant’s envy of the happy servant to whose lot this pie fell, will be somewhat diminished, when he reads that it was composed “of ambergrease, magesterial of pearl, musk,” and such like ingredients.

‘His taste in dress was as costly as his palate. Old Wilson thinks it not beneath the dignity of history to detail the materials and fashion of “one of the meanest of his suites, which was, nevertheless, so fine as to look like romance, and savour rather of fancy than reality.”

‘When he journeyed into Holland his generosity paid the innkeepers of the road he did *not* travel, because they might, (unknowing his route,) have made preparation for him; and, when he made his entry into the French capital, his horse was loosely shod with silver, so that, at each curvet, he cast his valuable shoes about, and a silversmith was at hand to “take others out of a tawny velvet bag and tack them on, to last till he should come to another occasion to prance and cast them off.”

‘It is the nature of man to be dazzled and conciliated by liberality and even prodigality. A thousand pounds given to a griping favourite would have rendered him odious; but Carlisle was beloved, admired, and applauded in his gigantic profusion.’

Secretaries of State.—‘Up to James’s reign there was but one secretary of state; but, on the resignation, (Aul. Coq.

says the death of Cecil, Earl of Salisbury,) there were two created, as if no one man could supply the place of that able minister. This reminds me of the promotion of eight marshals of France, on the death of Turenne; a great compliment to his memory, which Madame de Cornuel pleasantly explained by calling the eight new marshals “*change* for M. de Turenne.”’

Bassompierre’s Firmness.—‘Charles complained of the intrigues and factions of the French—their malice in endeavouring to wean the queen’s affections from him, and their insolence in disposing her against the English language and nation. The king got at last so warm as to exclaim to the ambassador, “Why do you not execute your commission at once, and declare war!” Bassompierre’s answer was firm and dignified: “I am not a herald to declare war, but a marshal of France, to make it when declared.”’

Liberality of James I.—‘Sir Henry Rich and Maxwell, a gentleman of the bedchamber, being one day with the king in the gallery at Whitehall, some porters passed by, carrying 3000l. in specie to the privy purse. Rich, seeing the money, turned to Maxwell, and whispered him. The king, observing this, insisted on knowing what had passed. Maxwell told him that Rich had said that that sum of money would make him happy. Whereupon the king, calling the porters, ordered them to carry the money to Rich’s lodgings, saying, at the same time, “You think, now, that you have a great purchase; but I am happier in giving you that sum than you can be in receiving it:”—a noble sentiment, which we could wish to have arisen on a worthier occasion.’

English Fogs.—‘The fogs of England have, at all times, been the complaint of foreigners. Gondomar, the Spanish ambassador, when some one, who was going to Spain, waited on him, to ask whether he had any commands, replied, “only my compliments to the sun, whom I have not seen since I came to England.” Caraccioli, the Neapolitan minister here, a man of a good deal of conversation wit, used to say, that the only ripe fruit he had seen in England were roasted apples; and in a conversation with Geo. II. he took the liberty of preferring the moon of Naples to the sun of England.’

Country Dances.—‘Our country-dances are a corruption in name, and simplification in figure, of the French “*contre-danse*,” but these changes are very ancient, for Weldon, sneering at the want of polite education of Buckingham’s kindred, observes, that it was easier to put on fine clothes than to learn the French dances, and therefore that “none else but country-dances” must be used at court.’

Salutes.—‘Salutes were formerly fired with the guns shot, and sometimes not without danger to the persons so honoured; Mlle. de Montpensier tells us, I think, of an instance in which she was so saluted, to the great discomfort of her attendants, both men and women; and she gives a remarkable one, in which the Fort de la Scarpe, at Douai, fired ball in honour of the passage of Louis XIV. and some of the shot passed near his coach. (Mem. de Montp. v. 329.) And Whitelock, in giving an account of some rejoicing for one of Cromwell’s victories, tells us, the ships at Portsmouth fired great and small shot on the occasion. Such a practice seems to us quite absurd and yet was founded in a kind of reason. Salutes and salutations were, in their origin, marks of submission. We take off our hats, because of old the conquered took off their helmets; we bow, because the vanquished were used to bend their necks to the conqueror; and salutes were fired, shot and all, that the place or ship might be thereby without means of present defence. Thus, from the bloody forms of the turbulent ages are derived the ceremonies of polished life.’

The Wrongs of Man: a Satire, with Notes. By Howard Fish, 8vo. pp. 39. London, 1819.

THAT there are some persons, who can see nothing but vice, tyranny, and oppression, in the rich, or virtue and unmerited distress in the poor, is not improbable—to sc c

Mr. Fish's poem will, no doubt, be acceptable, but to our appetites, his politics are not only too caustic, but we still see much in our institutions and in the venerable trunk of British liberty to admire, without wishing to cut it down as a cumberer of the ground; nor can we by any means agree, that the following description of the present times, is a correct one:—

'In vain, in vain, Example warns the times;
We court destruction, and delight in crimes;
The lords of men, by lucre led away,
Lead by prescription all mankind astray.
All laugh at equity, and hope to rise
By means which each should fly from and despise.
No spark of glory animates the age;
No guilt, however great, provokes our rage.
A sullen stillness sits on every soul;
But soon, yes, soon, shall awful vengeance roll;
Soon shall the shafts of indignation fly,
And doom each dread incendiary to die.

Honour,—religion,—equity, and shame,
Are now, alas! but symbols, but a name;
The prostituted words usurp the place
Of every excellence, of every grace;
From words, from words alone, each good proceeds,
And vile pretensions serve the place of deeds.
Hypocrisy erects her brazen face,
And laughs to scorn, derision and disgrace;
Joys in another world she grants the dead,
She fed in this with sophistry, for bread.
Others, in ermine and in robes array'd,
Refine on miseries themselves have made;
Placed on a height, from whence a single blow
Would plunge them in the gaping gulph below,
They gibbets, racks, and manacles display,
To scare profane, obtrusive man away.
Too well their efforts answer the design,
Man worships man, as if he were divine:
The human mind by ceaseless tortures bent,
Kisses the rod, or trembles to resent.'

It will be seen, that the 'Wrongs of Man' have not inspired our author's muse very happily, although the passage we have selected, is one of the best, and certainly the least objectionable in the whole poem. Mr. Fish's poem has an abundance of notes selected from Voltaire, Burdett, Mirabeau, &c.; we can find very few that are in the least applicable to the subject, though they discover that his religious opinions are as loose as his politics.

An Exposition of some of the Transactions that have taken place at St. Helena, since the Appointment of Sir Hudson Lowe as Governor of that Island; in answer to an Anonymous Pamphlet, entitled, 'Tracts illustrative of the Treatment of Napoleon Bonaparte,' &c. corroborated by various Official Documents, Correspondence, &c. By Barry E. O'Meara, late Surgeon to Napoleon. Second Edition. 8vo. pp. 215. London, 1819.

THE importance attached to every thing that relates to so extraordinary a man as Bonaparte, and some anxiety that the conduct of the British government to a fallen foe should be irreproachable, could alone give any value to this work, which in itself possesses little claim to notice, either from the style in which it is written, or the trifling detail into which it enters.

Mr. O'Meara, who is the English surgeon that volunteered his services to attend on Bonaparte at St. Helena, and has since been sent home by the governor, after inundating the Morning Chronicle, and every other news-

paper that would admit them, with complaints on his own part and on the part of Bonaparte, was preparing a more luminous detail, when an anonymous pamphlet appeared, (said to be from the pen of Mr. Theodore Hook, and which bears much the appearance of this gentleman's writing,) in which the conduct of the British government and of Sir Hudson Lowe, towards Bonaparte, was vindicated, and some severe reflections made on Mr. O'Meara, of which he intimates the intention of taking legal notice, and which induced him to come forward with the present work,

The opposite parties are in such ill humour with each other, that every thing is cause of offence, and matters really contemptible, or of no consequence whatever, are magnified without much regard to any other feeling but that of gratifying spleen.

So far as we can judge from the writings of O'Meara, his book is a Jeremiad from beginning to end, and when the words *sycophant*, *vilest coward* and *base calumniator*, *false*, *infamous*, are interspersed with statements that seem to be true, but from which unfair inferences are drawn, we think there are doubts on both sides; that Bonaparte himself is the least to blame of any, but that those attached to him are very peevish and at great pains to excite irritation.

Sir Hudson Lowe does not appear to have the magnanimity that would make some men even pardon insolence and impertinence from men in a humiliated situation, and by that means gives a colour for complaint; but really we cannot think, that in a tropical climate, on an elevated rock, there can be danger to the health of Bonaparte, because he lives in a ground floor not elevated above the ground, when so many millions of persons in France, England, Ireland, (Mr. O'Meara's own country,) and indeed all over the world, live in apartments level with the ground, in moist and cold situations; and where we cannot form an opinion of many of the complaints and alleged grievances, we seize on such as have strong features, that cannot be misunderstood. Each person, cooks, scullions, and the like, to have a clean shirt every day, is a singular circumstance enough, and we suppose that they are the only servants in the world that enjoy such a luxury.

Of the quality of provisions we can form no judgment, but the quantity is about three times as much as ordinary people could consume, and it is scarcely credible that *consumptive* ducks are raised expressly for the purpose of giving them to the French attendants on Bonaparte.

We suspect that the anonymous writer, in his eagerness to vindicate Sir Hudson Lowe, has gone too far, and that Mr. O'Meara has related some truths, but seen through a jaundiced medium, in many cases; and, on the whole, we only learn from his work, that the great evils arose from irritation and ill nature on both sides,—a resolution not to be satisfied, and a disposition to view every act as if intended to offend. Bonaparte himself being the only person who seems to have a disposition to overlook a good deal, and to exaggerate nothing, he probably does not thank his people for their great zeal and useless irascibility; but he knows the French, and well does he know that no people on earth are more *au fait* at offending others, without giving a tangible cause of complaint against themselves.

We feel for fallen greatness, and think they might be better managed; but we are reminded of a certain description of hell, in which there were neither flames nor burning brimstone, but the inhabitants or inmates of which

are c
their
thus
augm
they
alter.

W
Mr. C
Bona
of the
the of
break
of M
make
quite
sions
ment
five p

'D
fowls,
2; sal
2; tea
(lbs.)
(lbs.)
(lbs.)
vegeta
tionary
turkey
fine ric
coals,
98s.;
peas,
or vin
stantia

It is
the e
about
sheep
know
sumed
the pr
the la
that it

'Sin
enable
Napol
Englis
Hudso
from J
don, a
thetic
my de
leon's
koe ha
tient;
and h
that, t
resem
such, t
a stick
inform
which
he rep
did no

* Ca
a-day,
being o
and sal

are continually employed in tormenting each other and their governor, who in turn tormented them also; and thus they passed their time. They all knew that they augmented their sufferings by their wayward conduct, but they had all too much *spirit*, alias too much obstinacy, to alter.

We shall not enter into the long list of grievances which Mr. O'Meara recites, of bad flour, bad bread, bad meat; of Bonaparte being only allowed 5s. 8½d. per diem, for fish; or of the Countess Bertrand being obliged to borrow bread of the officer of the Hut's Gate guard, for her children's breakfast, as all those charges rest on the simple assertion of Mr. O'Meara, unsupported by evidence; but shall make two extracts from the work, one of which we think quite sufficient to rebut the charge of a scarcity of provisions; it is an account of the 'supplies allowed by government to the establishment at Longwood, consisting of forty-five persons, from October, 1816,, to June, 1817':—

'Daily.—Meat, beef and mutton included, (lbs.) 82; fowls, (No.) 6; bread, (lbs.) 66; butter, (lbs.) 5; lard, (lbs.) 2; salad oil, (pints,) 3½; sugarcandy, (lbs.) 4; coffee, (lbs.) 2; tea, green, (lbs.) ½; tea, black, (lbs.) ½; candles, wax, (lbs.) 8; eggs, (No.) 30; common sugar, (lbs.) 5; cheese, (lbs.) 1; vinegar, (quarts,) 1; flour, (lbs.) 5; salt meat, (lbs.) 6; fire-wood, (cwt.) 3; porter, or ale, (bottles,) 3; vegetables, (in value,) 11; fruit, (in value,) 10s.; confectionary, (in value,) 8s. Per fortnight.—Ducks, (No.) 8; turkeys, (No.) 2; geese, (No.) 2; loaf sugar, (loaves,) 2; fine rice, (bag,) ½; hams, (not to exceed 14lbs. each,) 2; coals, (bushels,) 45; fish, (in value,) 80s.; milk, (in value,) 98s.; fresh butter, salt, mustard, pepper, capers, lamp oil, peas, (not to exceed in value,) 7l. Wine, daily,—Champaign, or vin de grave, (bottles,) 1; Madeira, (bottles,) 1; Constantia, (bottles,) 1; claret*, (bottles,) 6.

It is true that Mr. O'Meara gives a subsequent table of the extra expenditure of the French, which he says is about 6l. 10s. daily, independent of from three to five sheep weekly, and two calves monthly, although we do not know how the allowance from government could be consumed. Our next and concluding extract shall be from the preface, which being dated the 24th of May, 1819, gives the latest account of Bonaparte, reminding our readers, that it is Mr. O'Meara's account, not ours:—

'Since the publication of the first edition, I have been enabled to procure some additional intelligence of the state of Napoleon's health to a very late period. Mr. Laroche, an Englishman, and formerly cook to Lord Amherst and to Sir Hudson Lowe, who was also employed as such to Napoleon, from July, 1818, until the 3d of March, 1819, arrived in London, a few days past. Being desirous of obtaining every authentic information, I inquired of him the state of affairs since my departure from Longwood, and was informed, that Napoleon's complaint had deteriorated considerably since Mr. Stokoe had been compelled to abandon the treatment of his patient; that his legs were swelled, his appetite very deficient, and his general appearance so much altered for the worse, that, to use Mr. Laroche's own expression, "his countenance resembled that of a dying person;" and the state of debility such, that he was occasionally obliged to support himself with a stick, when crossing his apartment. Having requested some information from him, concerning the quality of the provisions, which had been supplied to the French since my departure, he replied, that the mutton was in general so bad, that a week did not pass in which he had not been obliged to send it back

* Cape and Teneriffe wine for the servants, at the rate of a bottle a-day, was also given by government, not included in the schedule; being one pint more than the quantity daily allowed to the soldiers and sailors stationed at St. Helena.

to the purveyor*, sometimes even for two and three days in succession, (after it had been inspected by the orderly officer,) rarely, however, receiving any of a better quality in return. That the beef in general was extremely bad; and the poultry so lean and inferior in quality, that the maitre d'hotel, convinced by experience of the inutility of making any representation or remonstrance to the governor, had endeavoured to establish a little stock yard at Longwood, at the expense of the French themselves. Mr. Laroche farther states, that the bad quality of the meat, vegetables, &c., supplied to Longwood, was not occasioned by the impossibility of procuring better in the island, but because the governor or his agents would not pay the prices, which were demanded by the farmers, for provisions of a quality equal in goodness to such as he had seen supplied for the table at Plantation House, when he was cook to Sir Hudson Lowe.'

In leaving Mr. O'Meara, we have but two words to say. His giving copies of letters between men who called each other cowards and scoundrels, gives no high idea of any of the parties; and the importance given to trifles, about snuff-boxes, knee-buckles, and such things, incline us to think there was no real matter of moment to speak about.

Whether the title of *all in the wrong*, or Lockit and Peachum's confession, would be best applied to the state of St. Helena, we know not, but we pity men who, from irritation and bad temper, make themselves miserable; and on the whole, the perusal of Mr. O'Meara's book has rather tended to make us acquit the British government of any disposition to embitter the fate of a man who, by a single reverse of fortune, has become a prisoner, after ruling over nearly the whole of the European continent.

THE ADVANTAGES OF EMIGRATING TO POLAND IN PREFERENCE TO THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.

SIR,—At a time when so many of our industrious countrymen are seeking that employment in a foreign clime which their native country, unfortunately, cannot at present afford them, it is extremely desirable, that every information should be made known as to the best place for their exile that can be obtained. That America possesses two very great advantages to an Englishman, over all others, will be admitted, that of a similarity of language and an equal enjoyment of civil and religious liberty; how far these advantages are counterbalanced by a corresponding evil, we will not determine, but it must not be denied, that a vast proportion of those who have recently emigrated to the United States of America, have experienced all the distress they hoped they had fled from, with the additional misery which an exile from their country and friends necessarily entailed upon them; and while I am writing this, the papers give an account of trade and commerce being in such a distressed state, that petitions are presenting to the president to convene congress before its usual time. Much has been said on the advantages of emigrating to the Cape of Good Hope, and a recent traveller strongly recommends New South Wales; and certainly for ourselves, we should wish that the tide of emigration should rather be diverted to our own colonies than otherwise; but it is a point of duty with the emigrant, which he owes to himself and his family, to select such a spot as may best compensate for his quitting his native land.

A small tract has lately fallen into my hands, on this subject, written by an Englishman, at present residing in

* The present purveyor was appointed by Sir Hudson Lowe.

Poland; in which he gives a very brief but intelligent account of the advantages Poland possesses for emigration, founded on a personal acquaintance and residence there of several years. The author is anonymous, and I will not therefore pledge myself for the accuracy of all his statements, though they bear much the appearance of truth, and have been generally confirmed by a gentleman, with whom I am intimate, and who is well acquainted with the country of Poland. From this tract, I select the following particulars, deeming them of sufficient importance, to be made known to the public, through the medium of the LITERARY CHRONICLE. The land in some parts of Poland, is not good, but in others, it is of a fine soil, from one to three feet deep, which requires little tillage, and will produce, on an average, from five to six quarters, or twelve loads per acre, Winchester measure, and in a favourable season more. The price of land varies as in all other countries, according to its advantages and situation, as to its locality to navigable rivers and towns. Land of the best quality, and in a good state of cultivation, lying not above one hundred English miles from a shipping port, may be bought at the low price of £5 per acre; if from ten to fifteen miles from a navigable river, at £4 per acre, and if forty miles distant, at from £2 to £3 per acre, possessing all the advantages of an English freehold. The rent of land is proportionably cheap, several farms of from six hundred to eight hundred acres, are rented at the small sum of 1000 Prussian dollars, or £158 sterling; and the writer says, he knows one farm of eight hundred and forty acres, only two miles distant from a river navigable for vessels of one hundred and fifty tons burthen, which is rented for the above sum, with the additional advantage of having it cultivated for nothing, by the vassals or peasants who are attached to it. This arises from the feudalism still existing in Poland, where every nobleman or great landholder lets out, to small farmers and peasants, about fifty acres of land, for which they pay about two pounds in money, and one hundred and sixteen days labour in the year, either on the nobleman's estate, or to any farm to which he attaches them. The peasants also furnish a yoke of oxen to plough with, and a pair of horses for carrying the hay and corn to the barn; he also provides himself and his cattle with provision for the time, and all the implements of husbandry that may be required. The peasant can, at any time, compound for his labour, by paying one shilling per day, for every day he omits working; and as it is also required of him, as another part of the tenure, by which he holds his farm, that he should go once a year to Königsberg, (one hundred English miles,) and to Tilsit, (forty-five miles,) he may avoid that by paying one pound. The peasant also pays annually in kind, as follows, viz. two bushels and a half of rye; half a bushel of barley; half a bushel of oats; one goose; two young fowls; fifteen eggs; two lines, an inch in diameter, fifteen feet long; and two hanks of fine linen yarn. These peasants are not, however, entirely vassals, as might be supposed, but subject to a contract revocable by either party, on giving six months' notice.

The land produces wheat, rye, oats, beans, pease, linseed, hemp, flax, tares, lintels, buck-wheat, rapeseed, and clover; but, with the last, they have not been long acquainted, and therefore, it is not much cultivated. Turnips have lately been introduced by an English emigrant, and succeed very well. For this produce, the farmers

have no occasion to seek a market, as it is generally bought for exportation, and can be brought from most parts of Poland to the British markets, at the low freight of eight shillings per quarter, including the Polish and Prussian duties. The average price of produce for the last five years, has been, wheat, fifty-five shillings per quarter; rye, thirty-eight shillings; barley, twenty-six shillings; and oats, eighteen shillings per quarter.

The price of cattle is so low, that it is easy to stock a farm at a cheap rate. The best agricultural horses, fifteen hands high, cost from ten to fifteen pounds; those of a somewhat inferior kind, but very useful hardy horses, that will travel twenty-five miles, from one bait to another, vary in price from five to nine pounds; a large fat ox is worth from six to eight pounds; a good four year old ox for draught, four pounds; a good milch cow, three pounds. Sheep, which are chiefly kept for their wool, are in value proportioned to its fineness; a coarse-woolled sheep will fetch six shillings, a middling ditto, eight shillings, and those of the Spanish breed, from ten to twelve shillings each.

The expense of living in Poland is very small; beef is from three halfpence to twopence per pound; mutton, twopence to threepence; pork, twopence. A goose, one shilling and sixpence; fowls, sixpence each. Wine, two shillings per bottle, Claret and White, French or Port Wine, two and sixpence per bottle, bottle included. The country abounds with game and wild fowls, viz. deer, wild boars, hares, swans, geese, water fowls of every kind, woodcocks, snipes, white, black, and red grouse, partridges, with many birds that are unknown in England. Every person can shoot on his own lands, but not on those of another, without leave; but the landholders are by no means tenacious in this respect.

The climate in Poland, which, with many persons, might form an objection to emigrating thither, is much finer than that of many parts of North America; spring commences in March, and as soon as the snow is gone, vegetation advances most rapidly, summer quickly succeeds and is very fine, but in general hotter than in England. The grain is housed in August and September, and most of the meadows are cut twice, and sometimes, three or four times a-year. The autumn is rather long, but generally very fine, much resembling that of England last year. The winter is also very fine and serene for many weeks, and not a cloud to be seen. The rivers are frozen over about Christmas, and continue freezing until February, the ice being frequently two feet thick; they then begin to thaw a little in the day time, which is frozen again at night, until, the season growing warmer every day, the whole of the rivers break up in the beginning of March. During winter, nothing but sledges are used, both for pleasure and burden, and they are driven with amazing swiftness on the icy roads and rivers. Poland abounds in fine forests, and it is in the winter that their fir timber is cut, and brought to the rivers to be floated to Memel; there is no coal, but wood being very plentiful, is burnt as a substitute, with peat, where they have it. The cattle are housed from December to March, that is, while the snow continues to cover the ground, and they are fed on hay, clover, lintels, and straw.

The laws in Poland are good, and not in the least degree intricate, as in England; and as a proof of this, it may be mentioned, that there are *only eight or ten lawyers* in all Poland, and these can scarcely live by their

profession. The taxes are very trifling, never exceeding one penny per acre, which is the whole that is paid, and that too, by the nobleman or landholder, and not by the tenant. Many large farmers only pay thirty shillings per annum taxes for an English square mile, or six hundred and forty acres. Poor laws are unknown in Poland; as, let a person be ever so weak or indigent, he is either kept by his relatives, or employed in looking after the cattle, for which he will always obtain good victuals and clothing.

The part which the writer most particularly recommends before America, to emigrants, is that where he has resided, viz. in the north-east of Poland, situated on the rivers Niemen and Schurschup, near one hundred miles from the East Sea or Baltic, in about fifty-three degrees of latitude. Here the land is all cultivated, and is not so clear as in America.

Every emigrant to Poland has the privilege of residing and following any occupation for six years, and then should he declare that he will remain there, he has every thing that he may require for his own use, free of duty for the ensuing six years; this is to encourage emigration, and by a law recently made, it is only the great-grandsons of emigrants that are subject to military duty in case of war.

Such are the advantages Poland presents to emigration, as they are detailed by a person, whose long residence there has enabled him to become acquainted with the subject, and who cannot be suspected of the selfish motives which influence some writers, and particularly Birkbeck, who holds out his deserts as a 'land flowing with milk and honey.' Cobbett and Fearon have exposed the fallacious accounts of this Eutopian adventurer, and the latter gentleman was sent to America, for the purpose of ascertaining what advantages it proffered for settling there; it would be extremely desirable that a similar investigation should be made in other countries, particularly Poland, the Cape of Good Hope, and New South Wales, before emigration is too warmly recommended to any of them. I remain your's, &c. &c.

SCRUTATOR.

THE SINKING FUND.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.

SIR,—The term *Sinking Fund* being by no means explanatory of its nature, and many persons being unacquainted with this grand scheme of finance, which is now abandoned, in principle at least, I submit the following explanation for the benefit of your numerous readers.

A sinking fund implies a sum of money placed out at interest, but for which the interest is not received, but added to the capital, until it accumulates either to a certain sum, or a certain time, or until a certain event takes place. This is likewise called, lending money at compound interest.

The national sinking fund is the reverse of this, it is a sum appropriated annually to the payment of part of the national debt, and as no interest is to be paid for what is redeemed, that interest is added to the original annual fund towards the liquidation of a larger sum the following year.

In 1786, Mr. Pitt established a sinking fund of one million annually, to pay off the debt existing at the end of the American war, which was two hundred and forty millions, or about two hundred millions of pounds in money. The interest of all that was paid off, was to be

added to the original million, which, in a little more than fourteen years, would have increased to two millions annually, in twice that time to four millions, and so in progression, had no war occurred, and in forty-nine years, one month, and two days, it would have paid off the whole.

A *redeeming fund*, or *reimbursing fund*, would carry with it the idea of the operation it performs, which the term sinking fund does not. The French call a sum so applied, a *fond d'amortissement*, which is more expressive; but when a term has once been adopted for any length of time, we must not think of altering it, whether it be well or ill applied at first. I remain, your's, &c.

W. P.

EPSOM SALTS AND ONALIC ACID.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.

SIR,—In your last number, a correspondent, who signs Samuel Samnelson, having endeavoured, (with good intentions, no doubt,) to bring into ridicule and contempt the praiseworthy conduct of those with whom the Poison Prevention Bill originated, I beg leave to solicit your attention to the following observations on some parts of his letter.

In the first place, S. S. endeavours to persuade us, that false reports of accidents are frequently raised, for the purpose of 'frightening the unwary from buying medicines of a druggist,' in whose shop, (he attempts to prove,) mistakes are less likely to happen than in that of an apothecary. Now, admitting this to be true, merely for the sake of argument, what has it to do with the propriety of adopting measures for preventing private persons from mistaking poison, bought as such, for a medicine of an opposite quality? Can S. S. deny that mistakes are liable to be made by every person,—by old as well as by young, by masters as well as by servants, by the well-informed as well as by the ignorant? Can he deny that such mistakes have frequently been made, and that the death of a fellow-creature has often been the consequence? Can he prove that the means recommended are insufficient to prevent, in any degree, the recurrence of such accidents? I trust not. If, then, these propositions be affirmed, (and who will attempt to controvert them,) it must be acknowledged, by every one capable of reflection, that the conduct of those who are thus labouring for the benefit of mankind, instead of deserving censure, is entitled to our warmest approbation.

I cannot forbear noticing the unwarrantable assertion, that 'the simple man, or even the silly child, who could mistake corrosive sublimate, or oxalic acid, for Epsom salt, or arsenic for flour, would be full as likely to mistake white lead, or even red lead, (equally poisonous,) for it.' What! is there no more difference in the appearance of red lead and white flour, than in that of oxalic acid and Epsom salt? Let any person, however illiterate, only look once at the articles in question, and he will immediately be convinced, how impossible it is to mistake the two former; and how difficult it is for a person, unacquainted with drugs, to distinguish the latter*.

* That you may judge how far what I have here stated is true, I have herewith sent you a sample of each for inspection. [We confess, that the samples sent are so much alike, that we should with difficulty be enabled to distinguish the difference from their appearance.—ED.]

While I contend for the propriety of the bill, I must confess, I do not agree with the framers of it, as to what precise steps are most proper to be taken, in order to accomplish its object. If I have leisure, I shall probably trouble you with a few remarks on this part of the subject, at a future time. In the interim, wishing you every success in your present undertaking,

I am, sir, your most obedient servant,
June 17, 1819. TIMOTHY ANDREW.

COMMEMORATION OF BURNS.

A public festival, in commemoration of that distinguished Scottish poet, Robert Burns, and in aid of a subscription to erect a national monument to his memory, at Edinburgh, was celebrated in the Freemason's Tavern, on the 5th inst., when H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex took the chair. The festival was numerously and respectably attended, and among the warmest eulogies and splendid honours that were paid by living to departed genius, the following poetical effusions were produced on this occasion, so interesting to every admirer of that illustrious bard:—

REQUIEM TO THE MEMORY OF BURNS:

An Ode, written at the Request of the Committee, by James Thomson, Esq. Private Secretary for Charities to H. R. H. the Duke of Kent.

AIR—'Lord Gregory.'

HARMONIZED BY J. B. HOWARD.

THE sun is set, the stars are fled
Down evening's gloomy sky;
And cypress twines the narrow bed,
Where Burns's relics lie.
And minstrel pomp and garlands sweet,
That gladden'd every e'e;
Are changed for pall and winding sheet,
To grace his memory!
The dirge that wails our poet's doom,
Like him shall pass away;
The spring flow'r wreaths that bind his tomb,
In winter's storms decay.
Yet thou lov'd spirit wilt fondly view
The hearts that mourn for thee;
And Scotia's tears will still bedew
Her Burns's memory!

A COMMEMORATIVE ADDRESS,

Written at the Request of the Committee, by James Thomson, Esq.

LAND of our fathers' fame!
Whose deeds thine annals swell:
Whose virtues grace thy cherish'd name,
With glory's deathless spell.
Thine is the magic o'er our minds
Of Albyn's parent earth;
And thine the sacred tie that binds
The home that gave us birth!
And now, in this exultant hour,
Amidst the wine-cups flow;
Still holier beams that patriot power,
With inspiration's glow.
Fond Memory's gifted glance of light,
To thy proud history turns;
And brings again in splendour bright,
Thine own immortal Burns!
Him, like Elisha at the plough,
His country's genius found;
Twined her own chaplet for his brow,
And threw her mantle round.

And cold, and still, and feelingless,
Each Highland heart must be;
Ere it forget thy name to bless,
Or mourn, lov'd bard! for thee.
Along the deadliest fields of fight,
Bestrew'd with foemen slain;
Our tartan'd chiefs have own'd the might
Of thy resistless strain.
And 'Scots,' whose sires 'wi' Wallace bled!
In battle thought on thee;
And follow'd where their poet led,
To Scotland's victory!
Now, like a pilgrim on the height
Of some vast mountain's brow,
Who sees with fond and dear delight,
His native glens below:
So patriot feeling round each heart,
Our Burns's memory twines;
And still, though months and years depart,
His quenchless radiance shines.
Yet not with home's dear joys alone,
Those grateful feelings dwell;
Wherever Scotland's name is known,
There lives the poet's spell!
Where'er the burning eye of day,
Her Highland sons has view'd;
It follows still their venturous way,
O'er sea, and solitude.
And here, whilst wine and music's spells,
With blended powers beguile;
Where every heart exulting swells,
And beauty deigns to smile,
Fill all your sparkling goblets high,
And 'midst the pause of mirth;
Shout loud the toast of revelry,
The land of Burns's birth.

SALE OF THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH'S CELEBRATED VALDARFER DECAMERON.

ON Thursday, June 17, was brought to the hammer, the principal jewel of the splendid library at White Knights, when the *Editio Princeps* of Boccaccio's astonishing collection of novels, was, for the second time, sold by auction, by Mr. Evans, of Pall Mall. The high price formerly obtained for this book, at its original sale, in 1812, (£2260!) caused very many erroneous accounts of it, to appear in the public journals of that period, and though its second disposal was neither attended with so much rivalry, nor marked by such a magnificent *eclat*, yet there was quite enough of both, to make the detail worth preserving.

At an early hour, the auction room of Mr. Evans was most numerously and respectably attended, as the biddings throughout the whole day's sale amply proved. The left hand side of the auctioneer was occupied by several of our most distinguished *bibliographers*, amongst whom, were—Earl Spencer; Richard Heber, G. Hibbert, T. Ponton, jun. Joseph Haslewood, E. V. Utterson, and Robert Lang, esqrs.; the Reverend Messrs. T. F. Dibdin, W. H. Carr, and H. Drury; all of the celebrated Roxburghe Club; Mr. R. Jones, of Covent Garden Theatre; and Messrs. Longman, Triphook, Rodd, &c. booksellers.

After a number of curious and rare books had been disposed of, for sums fully equivalent to their intrinsic beauty and information, about four o'clock, a general murmur of applause and satisfaction announced, that the auctioneer had now arrived at the far-famed last lot, which had been transferred to *this* day's catalogue, to com-

morate the seventh anniversary of its own sale, and the consequent institution of the Roxburghe Club. The numbers were now considerably increased, not only in the room itself, which was crowded to excess, but also on the leads above, many persons having rushed through the private apartments of Mr. Evans, to observe through the sky-light, the interesting scene which was acting below. When the coveted volume was at length produced, the company spontaneously rose, and uncovered, and expectation being excited to its height, the room was in perfect silence, when Mr. E. addressed his distinguished visitors as follows:—

‘Lot 765.—*Il Decamerone di Boccaccio, First Edition, Printed by Valdarfer in 1471.*—Gentlemen, seven years have now elapsed, since I first had the honour to dispose of this celebrated volume, the history of which has spread so widely, and so extensively, that there is not a town throughout Europe, which has not supposed itself possessed of a similar Boccaccio. To obtain another copy, Van Praedt searched throughout the royal libraries of France; an eminent bookseller also, who was employed for a noble individual, took upon himself the title of ambassador of England, and set sail in search of such a prize! The history of his journey may be summed up in a very few words; he went, and he returned!—Returned unsatisfied, and without accomplishing the object of his mission. Another gentleman, who had also ardent hopes of procuring a duplicate copy, invested himself with the title of ambassador of *all* England, and travelled to the continent, with great expectations: he has also returned; we hear not with what degree of success he has closed his pilgrimage, but if he can produce a copy of *this* Boccaccio to-day, at the Roxburghe dinner, I will candidly allow my own error, and consider this sale as void. (*Applauses.*)

‘Gentlemen; the Italian language, until the time of Boccaccio, was rough, rude, and uncultivated. *His* Tales softened and modulated that which before was harsh and inharmonious, and the graceful Tuscan tongue was made musical by the effects of these elegant histories. But, although Italy was so much indebted to him for the improvement of her speech, yet this work met with the most violent opposition from the ecclesiastics, because it contained so faithful an exposition of their deceitful practices. In the year 1479, the clergy publicly declaimed and preached against its being read, and many persons made a merit of burning their copies of this book. To prevent my being again asked questions by gentlemen in the room, and I suppose I have had the question put to me, at least, twenty times already—whether there is not a chain, which some former possessor attached to this book, to be sold with it.—I answer, that there is not, but, I hope, this day’s biddings will form to it a golden chain, which, as the poet has said, may “draw with every link a lengthening chain.” (*Applauses.*) It will not be wanted, gentlemen, that I should expatiate on the extreme variety of this edition of Boccaccio; that is already well known, it has preserved it for upwards of three hundred years! and with a confident dependance on your liberality, I now offer the volume to your decision.’

After a very general expression of applause, at the termination of this address, which at once shewed the book knowledge as well as the eloquence of Mr. Evans, the Decameron was put up at one hundred guineas! which was rapidly advanced to three hundred and sixty, and

continued advancing, until Mr. Longman, of Paternoster Row, finished a contest of about twenty minutes, by bidding eight hundred and seventy-five guineas. The auctioneer waited for some time, and, after having vainly solicited several eminent collectors and dealers to bid more, the decisive hammer fell about half-past four o’clock.

The members of the Roxburghe Club afterwards dined together, as usual, at the Clarendon, where George Hibbert and Thomas Panton, jun. esqrs. presented the customary volumes. The former gave ‘*The Metamorphoses of Ovid, translated and prepared for the press, by W. Caxton,*’ and printed from his original MS.; and the latter presented ‘*The Adventures of Sir Launcelot du Lake,*’ from an inedited MS. in the British Museum.

The gentlemen alluded to by Mr. Evans, as having travelled in search of the Decameron, were, we believe, Mr. Foss, the bookseller, and the Rev. Thomas Frognal Dibdin, of Kensington. R.

ANTIQUITY OF COACHES.

It is not a little remarkable, that although we read in Scripture of chariots for footmen and chariots for horses, and of the frequent use of carriages in ancient Greece and Rome, yet it was not until the middle of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, that coaches were introduced into England; and we learn that ‘good Queen Bess’ actually rode all the way from London to Exeter on horseback, behind the Lord Chancellor.

The first coach ever seen in England formed a part of the equipage of Henry Fitzalan, the last Earl of Arundel of that name, who died in 1579. It was invented by the French, as was the post-chaise also, which was first introduced into England by the son of the well-known writer in husbandry, Jethro Tull. Hackney coaches were first established in London by Captain Bailey, in 1634, and, in the same year, hackney chairs, or sedans, were introduced by Sir Sanders Duncombe, Knt., who was a great traveller, and had most probably seen them at Sedan, in France, where Dr. Johnson supposes they were first made.

Brewer, in his ‘*Beauties of Middlesex,*’ observes, in a note, that ‘It is familiarly said, that Hackney, on account of its numerous respectable inhabitants, was the first place near London provided with coaches of hire, for the accommodation of families, and that thence arises the term *Hackney Coaches*. This appears quite futile; the word *Hackney*, as applied to a hireling, is traced to a remote British origin, and was certainly used in its present sense long before that village became conspicuous for wealth or population.’ In 1637, the number of Hackney coaches, in London, was confined to 50; in 1652, to 200; in 1654, to 300; in 1661, to 400; in 1694, to 700; in 1710, to 800; in 1771, to 1000; and, in 1802, to 1100. In imitation of our Hackney coaches, Nicholas Sauvage introduced the *fiacres* at Paris, in the year 1650.

The *hammer-cloth* is an ornamental covering of the coach-box. Mr. S. Pegge says, ‘The coachman formerly used to carry a *hammer*, pincers, a few nails, &c. in a leathern pouch hanging to his box, and this cloth was devised for the hiding of them from public view.’

MARRIAGE CUSTOMS IN CUMBERLAND.

THE following mode of solemnising a marriage will cause some surprise to our readers, few of whom, we presume, are acquainted with the old customs of Cumberland: it is now nearly extinct:—

A Public Marriage.—Henry Hewer, son of John Hewer, of Castle Sowerby, and Elizabeth Stalker, of Hesketh, in the parish of Cadbeck, purpose being joined together in holy matrimony, on Wednesday, the 5th day of May, 1819, at the parish church of Cadbeck; on which occasion, the favour of the company of all the friends, neighbours, and acquaintances, of the respective parties, who can make it convenient to attend, will be highly esteemed and considered an obligation, for which they will be truly thankful. N. B.—An entertainment will be given at the house of Joseph Stalker, innkeeper. On the same day, a napkin will be given, to be run for by horses, a belt to be wrestled for by young men, and a pair of gloves to be leapt for.—A ball in the afternoon, with a *Fancy* to be danced for by the ladies.

Original Poetry.

HOPE.

THERE is an ever-moving light
Whose blaze illumines our mortal night,
And, thro' this dreary world of woes,
Seems beck'ning us to sweet repose;
A lovely flow'r, whose fragrant breath
Sheds perfume round the couch of death;
A phantom, which we all pursue,
And live but while it keeps in view!—
'Tis on this fairy-flitting form
The seaman gazes midst the storm,
When plunging to deep ocean's bed,
Or borne upon a billow's head!
Tho' mantled in night's deepest dye,
This light still lives within his eye,
Seems whisp'ring comfort in his ear,
Bidding him half forget his fear!—
'Tis on this light the lover's eye
Is bent in silent ecstasy,
When absence paints the maids unkind,
And rising doubts oppress his mind.
When sickness spreads her bue of death,
And her pale victim gasps for breath,
To his lorn mind, this form appears,
And points to happier coming years!—
In ev'ry varying scene of life,
In smiling joy, or frowning strife,
Still, still, this light, this fairy form,
Beckons us on thro' every storm;
Points the sad heart to milder days,
And shews to joy her brightest rays!
And, tho' the scene she holds to view,
Fade, when we hope to find them true,—
If, by the cheat of *pain* bereav'd,
'Tis *pleasure* to be so deceiv'd!

BEAUTY.

(FROM CHAUCER.)

THE god of love, joyful and light,
Led on his hand, a lady bright,
Of great degree, of spotless fame,
And Beauty was the lady's name;
She was not dark, nor brown, but fair
And clear as cloudless noon-beams are;
Her flesh was tender as the dew
That softens flowers in morning new;
Her forehead, nose, chin, mouth, and cheek,
Were all proportionately sleek;
Her face was as the summer's skies,
Roses and lilies, when they rise;

She was well-made, and small, and neat,
Nor wanted art to make her sweet;
Her auburn tresses, long and straight,
Down to her heels, adorn'd her gait,
Yet, when the wind awoke from rest,
They curl'd in ringlets round her vest;
And of all worldly charms, as she,
None could so young and lovely be!

J. R. P.

Fine Arts.

SPRING GARDENS' EXHIBITION.

89. *The Discovery*; F. P. Stephanoff.—This is a pretty picture, and extremely promising. The modest confusion of the daughter, the rising anger of the old gentleman, her father, who has just discovered the cause of her indisposition, and the mother's apparent endeavour to soften his rage, and make all matters *touching thereon* as pleasant as possible, are well expressed.

155. *Cottage Scene, near Hastings*; W. Linton.—A sweet little subject and well handled. The rural scenery is well depicted. The road, the rugged banks on either side, and the dark distant foliage winding down the hill, are in excellent keeping.

172. *Fruit from Nature*; Miss M. Stuart.—The grapes in this picture have such a luscious appearance that one is actually almost tempted to make an effort to gather them. A few are lying loose on a table-cloth, which is, by the way, exquisitely done, and seem to jut out of the paper. The folds of the table-cloth too are much admired.

181. Another beautiful representation of *Fruit*, by the same Lady, but by no means equal to the former one, there being too many objects for a piece of such small dimensions.

280. *Chepstow Castle, Monmouthshire*; Copley Fielding.—Copley Fielding is a beautiful painter; and had we never heard of his name or works before, the performances in the present exhibition would bear us out fully in our assertion. He is the water-colour Turner, particularly in his sunny effects. In the present picture, the reflection of the great luminary of the Heavens in the river—the meandering of the river till it becomes a mere needle-full of silk—the softening of the distance—the big grey castle on the top of the green hill—and the bold luxuriant foliage in the foreground, are in fine style. Yet an envious critic will find faults;—the group of figures beneath one of the large trees is not exactly to one's mind—they are too stiff and formal.—But who measures the depth, beauty, and magnificence of Claude by the puny figures here and there scattered over that great artist's landscapes? Suppose we do find a lame figure there—what then? Why we skip over it and say—'we wish it were not there.'

304. *Sun-set at Folkstone, before a stormy night*; the same artist.—Some of the remarks on the above picture apply here. The curling of the waves up the beach is quite perfect.—On the whole, it is not unworthy the painter.

331. *Fisherman's Child*; J. Holmes.—This is undoubtedly a portrait—the features are extremely pretty. The child is reclining on the beach, listening to the waters humming in a shell which she holds close to her ear. There is an expression of joy mixt with attention in her countenance peculiarly happy.

Y.F.

PANORAMA, LEICESTER SQUARE.

We had heard much of the Panorama of the North Coast of Spitzbergen, now exhibiting by Mr. Barker.—We have been to see it, and we advise all who wish to acquire additional knowledge of the Polar Regions, by all means to follow our example. It is a magnificent picture, and, in our opinion, not inferior in execution to the famous Battle of Waterloo, lately exhibited in the same place. The Dorothea and Trent, being part of the last polar expedition, are seen penned up in the lumps of ice scattered over these miserable seas. A little backward, is seen the immense barrier of ice which has hitherto prescribed all sorts of limits to discovery, and frustrated every exertion to reach that much wished-for object—the Pole. The Dorothea and Trent penetrated to 80 degrees into this frightful barrier, and were there closed upon, and became immovable.

They were held there many days in the most alarming suspense. On the 25th July they got into clear water again, and it is on the evening of their extrication, the scenes which are presented to us in this Panorama, had their reality; and nothing in the world can give us a more correct idea of this uncomfortable part of the world. To those of our readers who have read the various accounts of this expedition we need not say what is to be seen—suffice it to note, that there are warnings against the animal creation in abundance, and ‘all manner of things of that sort’—icebergs, mountains of ice, *floes* of ice, and ‘all manner of things of that sort.’ The sun beautifully setting, or seeming to set, through and over some of the distant regions of white ice, is very pleasingly done. There are plenty of birds, ducks, drakes, bears, walruses, and other objects in the brute creation, common in these parts. Among the amphibious inhabitants of the coast of Spitzbergen, nothing deserves the eye of the curious more than the walrus. There are several *colonies* of them scattered over this Panorama. We believe they are as little known as any live thing in these distant countries. They are an uncommonly unsightly animal, but wonderfully attentive to their young—and the young not less so to the parent.—An instance is worth recording: The mother of a young one was killed by the sailors, which so exasperated the little monster, that it actually attacked the boat singly; and, though repeatedly wounded, would not desist, but crawled upon the ice after the men, until a lance entered its heart, and terminated its existence. Thus has the merciful and all-wise Creator implanted an instinctive love and attention in the most hideous and insensible-looking creature on the face of the waters!

The Drama.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—If we are not much mistaken, the temporary establishment of the Drury Lane Company on these boards, will do more in favour of the drama, in shewing the advantage of small houses, than either the remonstrances of critics or even the scanty company that attends the larger establishments. Since the Company have settled here, they are more compact, and appear to a much greater advantage. Their principal strength is in comedy; and the *Poor Gentleman*, *Wild Oats*, and *Belle's Stratagem*, have been performed very ably: in the former, an old favourite, Elliston, appeared as Rover, and there was a chasteness and spirit in his acting which reminded us of those days when he had not run riot in the low humour

of the Olympic. In tragedy, Kean has appeared, and that in his favourite character of Richard the Third: he never played the character better, and the public never saw it to so much advantage, as they had the opportunity of seeing the full expression of his intelligent countenance, when moved by the various passions which successively seize on the soul of Richard.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—It is well known to have been a desirable object, with our venerable sovereign, to patronize the establishment of an English Opera, for the double purpose of cultivating native talent and preventing the prevailing influence of foreign manners from corrupting our national taste and character,—well knowing, with Montesquieu, that ‘there is no altering the music of a nation without endangering the government.’ On this principle, the Lyceum, or English Opera, was established, and if it has not been honoured with all the success that might have been wished, it has been rather owing to the perverted love of every thing foreign than to the want of attractions which the theatre presented. Since our last, several popular pieces, peculiar to this theatre, have been revived, among which we may name, more particularly, the excellent little drama of *Amateurs and Actors*, in which Dowton, for the first time, supported the character of *Elderberry*, with infinite success. Harley, Wrench, and Wilkinson, in their original characters of Bustle, Wing, and Muffincap, were as happy as ever; while Pearman gave the beautiful little airs in a masterly style.

SURREY THEATRE.—A very splendid piece, under the title of *Melodrame Mad, or the Siege of Troy*, has been produced at this theatre, in which the admirers of Homer and the ‘gentlemen of the Fancy’ will be equally gratified, for so singular a mirror of the classical story of the immortal bard and the *lingo* of Moulsey Hurst would never have been ventured by any one but a person of Mr. Dibdin's talents and experience. A prelude of much comic interest announces the representation of the Siege of Troy, with all that a theatre can exhibit of ancient military magnificence.—The Iliad is closely adhered to; the gods intervene; the combats, described by Homer, are fought, though in a very different manner; the town burnt; and all in the most admirable burlesque imaginable: for the classical story is so blended with the anachronism of modern manners, that humour and interest are most happily blended throughout the whole. If, however, the piece were curtailed by shortening the least interesting part of the processions, and by the omission of all allusions to Dandy horses,—a subject not worthy the shafts of the satyr—the melodrame would, in our opinion, be improved.

COBURG THEATRE.—This elegant little theatre appears to be running a very injudicious race with its more powerful rival; for no sooner is a piece produced or announced at the Surrey Theatre, than one on the same subject is attempted at this.—This is particularly the case with *Florence Macarthy*, and some other pieces, which have been announced when they found the other theatre had them in hand. *Robert, the Bruce*, played at this theatre, is a piece of considerable incident and much interest. *Florence Macarthy* is less successfully dramatised; the story is not very strictly adhered to, nor are the characters very well supported; that of the heroine of the piece, by Mrs. W. Barrymore, is by far the best. Some of the scenes are very beautiful.

Literary and Scientific Intelligence.

Monuments.—The mausoleums of the three last branches of the illustrious and unfortunate House of Stuart, that is, of the Chevalier St. George, Prince Charles Edward, and Cardinal York, his sons, have been opened at Rome, to the view of the public. All the curious admire these masterpieces of the celebrated sculptor Canova, which contain an expression, and evince a taste, that are worthy of the age of Pericles. They are in the Vatican.

Vegetables.—To counteract the effect of frost on tender vegetables, it is recommended, to water them on a frosty morning before the sun shines on them.

Moving Mountain.—An article from Namur, in the French Papers, says, 'The moving mountain causes considerable alarm here, it being only half a league distant, and its movements still continuing.'

Steam Navigation.—A steam vessel, of three hundred and fifty tons, (the *Savannah*, Captain Rogers,) has crossed the Atlantic, and reached Liverpool, (or the channel, at least,) from Savannah, in eighteen days; this is the first steam vessel that has undertaken such a voyage.

Pyrolignous Acid.—This acid is said to preserve animal food for any length of time. The whole carcass of a sheep being immersed in it, was found, upon examination many months afterwards, to be perfectly free from any appearance of putrefaction. A leg of mutton, declared unsaleable by the butchers, being immersed in the pyrolignous acid, a twelve-month ago, is stated to be at this time, perfectly sweet, and likely, from its appearance, to continue so many years. Pyrolignous acid is not a new discovery, though its uses have, till now, been little known. In Lisbon, vinegar (pyrolignous acid) has, for a considerable time past, been distilled from the staves in which port wine is kept.

The Bee.

*Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia limant,
Omnia nos itidem depascimur aurea dicta.*

LUCRETIVS.

Simplicity.—At the marriage of Monsieur, the Count d'Artois, the city of Paris agreed to distribute marriage portions. A smart little girl, of sixteen, named Lise Noirin, having presented herself, to inscribe her name on the list, was asked who was her lover?—'O!' said she, with great simplicity, 'I have no lover; I thought the city furnished every thing.' This answer created much mirth; and, in the event, a husband was found for her.

Grammatical Elucidation.—A dull serjeant, conceiving that the recruits under his discipline, were not aware of the exact import of the military order, 'As you were,' observed to them, 'My lads, when I says, as you were, I means as you was.'

Clerical Industry.—The labours of Dean Swift's village curate, are out done by a venerable minister in Derbyshire, who lately walked twenty-four miles on a Sunday, did duty at three churches, by reading prayers and preaching four times; he also baptized an infant, and churched the mother; published the banns of one couple, married another, and interred a corpse. He is seventy years of age.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Wilford, P., C. H., I. P. Th—s, and O. F., shall have early insertion.

I. W. D. is informed, that the LITERARY CHRONICLE is not a political paper.

J. R. P. is requested to send to our office.

'A Female,' who complains of the jealousy and neglect of her husband, is informed, that we take no part in family quarrels; nor could we serve her, although her husband should violate the marriage state as much as she does the rules of orthography; we may

add our fears, that were every discontented wife or husband to tax us with the postage of their complaints, we should need to be much richer than authors or editors are generally allowed to be, to defray the expense.

Erratum in our last, p. 77, line 14, for 'do thou not,' read 'do not thou.'

BRITISH GALLERY, PAUL MALL.

THIS GALLERY, with a Selection of the most Celebrated Works of the Italian, Spanish, Flemish, and Dutch Schools, is open every day, from nine in the morning until six in the afternoon.

Admission 1s. Catalogues 1s.

(By Order)

JOHN YOUNG, Keeper.

TOURS IN SCOTLAND.

This day is published, in 2 vols. 12mo. price 15s. boards, illustrated by Maps, Views of remarkable Buildings, &c.

THE TRAVELLER'S GUIDE through SCOTLAND, and its Islands. Seventh Edition.

Edinburgh: Printed for J. Thomson and Co.; and sold in London by Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy, Paternoster Row; for whom is also in the press, A TOUR through Perthshire, Argyleshire, and Inverness-shire, with some interesting Information relative to the Caledonian Canal.

This day is published, in 8vo. price 10s. boards,

THE MELANGE; containing, The Lunarian, a Tale, in five Cantos. Wonders, in two Parts. The Picture Gallery, in nine Cantos: with various other Pieces in Verse.

Taunton: Printed and sold by J. Poole; and published in London, by Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy, Paternoster Row; and J. Ottridge, Strand.

This day is published, in 3 vols. price 15s.

ISKANDER; or, **THE HERO OF EPIRUS**, a Romance, By ARTHUR SPENCER.

Printed for A. K. NEWMAN and Co. Leadenhall Street; where may be had, published this Spring,

CESARIO ROSALBA, a Romance, by Anne of Swansea, 5 vols. price 1l. 7s. 6d.

REDMOND THE REBEL; or, They met at Waterloo, 3 vols. 16s. 6d.

THE ESQUIMAUX; or, Fidelity, by Emily Clarke, 3 vols. 16s. 6d.

THE BLACK ROBBER, a Romance, by Edward Ball, 3 vols. 15s.

AUGUSTUS AND ADELINA; or, The Monk of St. Bernardine, by Miss C. D. Haynes, 4 vols. 20s.

SISTERS OF ST. GOTHARD, by Elizabeth Cullen Brown, 2 vols. 10s. 6d.

THE EXPRESS; a Novel, by Frances D'Aubigne, 3 vols. 15s.

This day is published, in five large volumes, price 1l. 7s. 6d.,

CESARIO ROSALBA; or, **THE OATH OF VENGEANCE**, a Romance, by Anne of Swansea, author of Secrets in every Mansion; Gonzalo de Baldivia; Cambrian Pictures; Chronicles of an Illustrious House; Secret Avenger; Conviction, &c. &c.

Printed for A. K. NEWMAN and Co. Leadenhall Street.

The following will appear this summer:

ISKANDER; or, The Hero of Epirus, a Romance, 3 vols.

THE BLACK CONVENT; a Tale of Feudal Times, 2 vols.

THE CASTLE OF VILLA FLORA; a Portuguese Tale, by a British Officer, 2 vols.

ST. MARGARET'S CAVE; or, The Nun's Story, by Mrs. Helme, Second Edition, 4 vols.

BRAVO OF BOHEMIA; or, The Black Forest. Second Edition, 4 vols.

MAN AS HE IS; by the author of Man as he is not, Third Edition, 4 vols.

To ensure an early and regular delivery throughout the country, of The LITERARY CHRONICLE and WEEKLY REVIEW, agents are appointed at the following places: Birmingham, Bury St. Edmund's, Hull, Lancaster, Leeds, Liverpool, Maidenhead, Newcastle, Oxford, Southampton, Sunderland, and in all places adjacent to the metropolis; arrangements are also making to supply all other places with the utmost possible dispatch.

LONDON:—Published by J. SIDEBETHEN, 297, Strand, (nearly opposite Norfolk Street,) where advertisements are received, and to whom communications (post paid) are to be addressed. Sold also by all Booksellers and News-venders in the United Kingdom. Printed by DAVIDSON, Old Boswell Court.